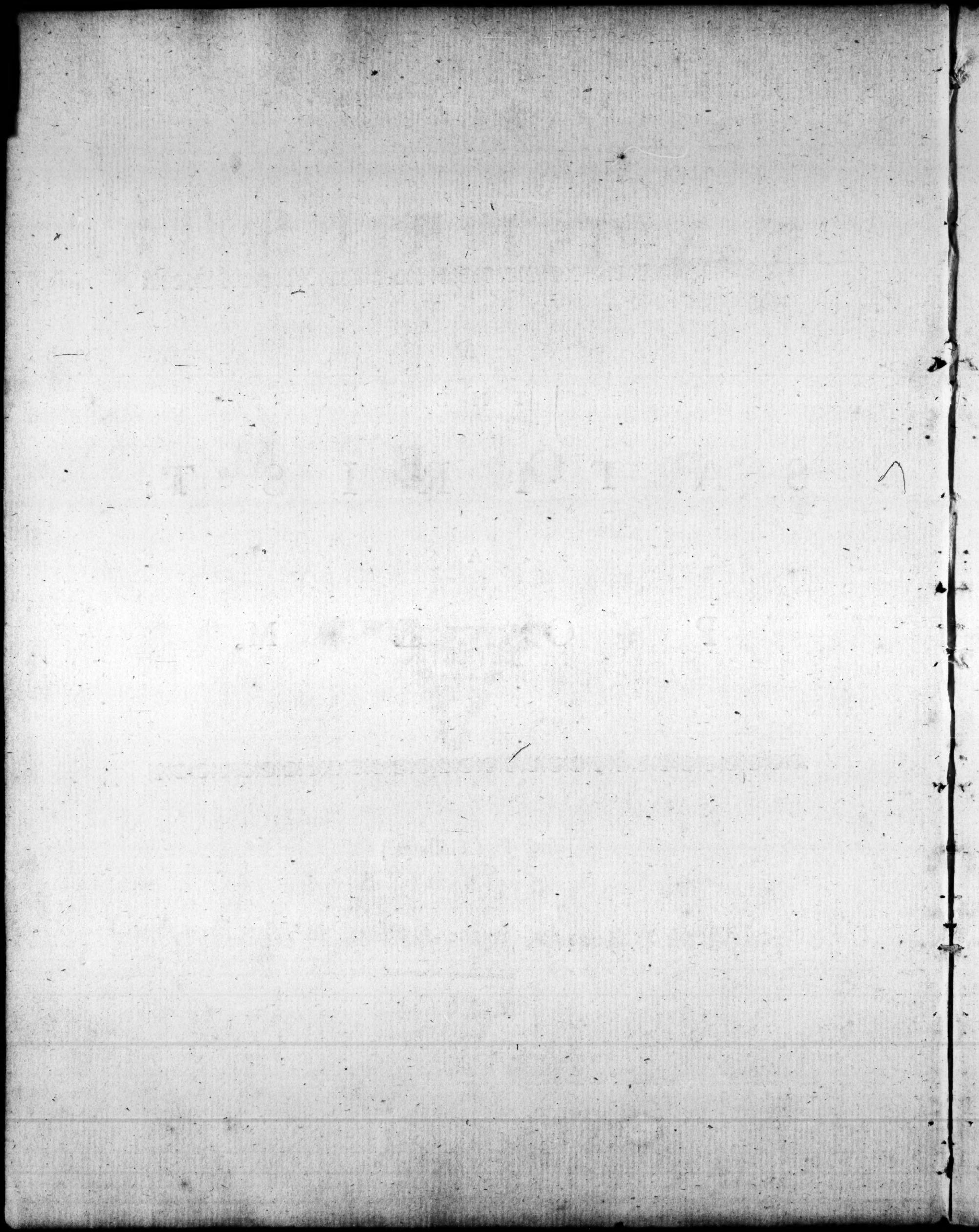


1502/274.

THE
S A T I R I S T:
A
P O E M.

[Price Two Shillings.]



T H E
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A
P O E M.



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T H E

S A T I R I S T.

ROM Afric's wilds to sad Siberia's plains,
Wide o'er the world, the thirst of honour reigns,
Calm or arous'd, as varying passion blows,
Like frenzy rages, or like duty glows,
In every bosom wakes aspiring heat,
Beams in the low, and blazes in the great,
Spreads Fancy's plumes, with Reason's ray explores
Thought's mystick cave, and teems unbodied stores:
Hope points the dazzling prize, in manly strife
We croud for fame the peopled maze of life.

B

TUTOR'D

THE SATIRIST.

TUTOR'D by praise, can jarring schemes engage,
Or dark suggestion pose, the letter'd age?
Can lab'ring science, as just tenets, bind
Uncheck'd, her complex fancies on mankind,
When, led to Nature, pious Sages trace
Those latent worlds that flame through boundless space,
Watch the slow fires, their varying orbs descry,
That wane unnoticed in the distant sky,
While bursting through the cloudless realm of night
Some casual comet streams diffusive light,
Sweeps through the still expanse, impetuous driven
Where glows the rich magnificence of heaven?

LET wild Hypothesis conceits explore
To glos one errour, and engender more,
Or, rebel still to sense, the few deceive,
Who most in thought bewilder'd, most believe,
Whose fruitless toils delusive clouds attend,
'Till the dark search in sceptic madness end.

And

AND whilst thus warm a native thirst of praise
Man's conscious race, like busy instinct, sways,
This to the camp with hot ambition speeds,
And plum'd with conquest for his country bleeds,
This, guiding justice, shields the peaceful land
From rapine's spoil, and murder's palsied hand,
Exulting bards to sylvan scenes repair,
Tread the lone walk, and catch the fragrant air,
As kindles thought, their fond distinctions plan,
With fiction sport, or men and manners scan,
Great in opinion murmur, what regard,
What generous plaudits wait the rising bard?
And shall our moments glide with silent haste?
No, let us write, appeal to publick taste,
Burst from oblivion, with unerring skill
Paint nature's works, or bend her to our will,
The crowded levee censure, lone retreat,
The wise with folly brand with guilt the great,
With modern frenzy make our genius known
By a bold Satire levell'd at the throne.

ALL pant for fame, as partial dreams delight,
The Mantuan's judgement boast, or Theban's flight.

This, fir'd with story, feels his bosom swell
In tragick lays some tragick tale to tell,
This, as the bee in quest of liquid sweets
Strains every flowret, every bud she meets,
Lur'd by applause, with comick genius blest,
From each dull fancy draws the duller jest,
A third, his passions hush'd supinely laid
Elysium round him, in the peaceful shade,
Charm'd with description, bids the landscape rise,
The sylvan graces dance before our eyes,
Bids from the barn the pendent ice delight,
Or the gay garden blossom to the sight.

Whilst the grave bard, by melancholy led,
Chants his slow dirges o'er the hallow'd dead,
This breathing passion through the winding vale
Pours the soft sadness of a plaintive tale,

T H E S A T I R I S T.

5

That rapt, and burning with a poet's pride,
Intent on sounds throws modest sense aside ;
Or, warm with genius, fancy's glowing mines
With judgement searches, and with taste refines,
Big thunder rolls through wrath's reviving reign,
Arms crimson slaughter on the tented plain,
Sounds the shrill charge, or rallied squadrons leads
Where the war rages and the battle bleeds.
Then lordly shades in burnish'd armour wake ;
Towers tremble, temples blaze, and kingdom's shake,
From story'd conquest conquering chiefs arise,
E'en death draws envy when a hero dies.

YET will not all, content with harmless play,
With harmless fiction trifle time away,
Or carol songs of war, whose sprightly strains
Feed valour's flame, and fire inaction's veins ;
With wealth combin'd declaims the venal muse,
And what the patron plans, the bard pursues,

C

Or

Or anger swells; when vivid fancy plays,
And courts by daring flanders deathless praise,
Drags black sedition low'ring from her cell
With the wild horrors of her native hell.

SATIRE to point, to arm indignant hate,
When guilt's dark current saps a sinking state,
When pride, disdaining virtue's sober pause,
Retreats triumphant from evaded laws;
Satire, whose power o'er every passion reigns,
That calls at once for judgement, genius, pains,
Be by no sanction to the vicious given,
Whose cheerless bosoms want the stamp of heaven.

THIS be the man, who list'ning sweet renown
Marks the mean follies that debafe the town,
Lights lawless rapine from his friendly gloom,
Spoils lordly pride of every borrow'd plume,
With truth and honest energy displays
The charms of virtue in a thousand ways,

Bids

THE SATIRIST.

7

Bids the dark Traitor blush at honour's voice,
And the firm Patriot fixes in his choice.
Be this the Satirist — a man design'd,
From the bright dawnings of his infant mind,
With steady merit censure to disarm,
Teach by example, and with diction charm,
Trace busy Slander to it's tainted source,
Curb daring Vice, and Passion's boundless force,
Still the wild thought, the Fordid wish refine,
And with warm graces animate the line.

LET him with justice his opinions broach,
Nor passive be, nor eager to reproach,
From the fierce tumult's pealing roar a part
Strengthen his judgment, and improve his heart,
Now ponder life, philosophy resign'd,
And blushing write a comment on mankind,
By hire untainted, partial rage above,
Feel his breast glow with universal love.

C 2

To

To mend the heart, best plea for man's esteem !
When growing vices are the Poet's theme,
Sway'd but by truth, let indignation seek
To flush with censure every guilty cheek,
Let him be warm, yet temper honest rage
With a just knowledge of the bleeding age,
The glow of verse with that of love confine,
With sense, not fury, brace the moral line.
Let not the sequel badly hurried o'er
Clash with the doctrine he advanc'd before :
This grates the ear, this shocks us, and at best
Turns the grave moral to an empty jest.

LET not applause the Censor's reign prolong,
Foster his pride, or dignify his song,
Whilst he, untaught to blush, to publick view
Bares his own vice, to make us vicious too,
His crimes extends by frailty's softest plea,
But arms and rages where his heart is free ;

THE SATIRIST.

9

Guilt's glaring brand with coward arts to 'scape,
Paints the vile monster in an human shape,
Bids slander'd worth with ceaseless anguish weep,
And lulls with charms the libertine asleep.

LET not a Bard with giddy faction blind
In strains imperious dictate to mankind,
By passion spar'd the galling search of thought,
By his own follies as by instinct taught,
Degrade our morals with remarks too keen,
By vice grown tasteless of the moral scene.
Let not connection speak the hireling scribe,
While the sharp speech declaims against a bribe,
And lest rude want, whence various evils spring,
Deep in the venal breast should plant a sting,
Lest the sage Censor should a knave commence,
And stain with mean compliance manly sense,
To Satire's walks the bloom of ease impart,
The fetter'd genius free, and fix the heart.

D

As

THE SATIRIST.

As prompts the fault, let Satire frame the style,
Flash the keen glance, or light the sportive smile.
To judgment's beam derided folly turns,
Guilt wakes to virtue when resentment burns:
With smiles pursued, remorse the daring shun,
With rage, the vain in wilder mazes run.

WHERE Satire strikes, does guilt triumphant rest?
Still flutters folly in the wounded breast?

SHOULD some unaw'd defy correction's force,
Or urge with bolder tread their frantick course,
Yet few to fame by Satire's wounds aspire,
Who feels the torment will the balm require;
Few, dead to praise, with boasted crimes elate
Tempt keener scorn, and challenge endless hate.
Should Satire some provoke, it some restrains,
As reason wakes, or partial passion reigns,
While private shame diffusive honour lends,
And publick blessings branded guilt defends.

Vice

THE SATIRIST.

Vice glares unveil'd, disclos'd her darling wiles,
Vows without weight, without attraction smiles,
O'er all the Land the blasting censure flies,
And purer toils, and warmer virtues rise.
The sage distrust correction's warmth conveys,
The base suspecting, by suspicion sways.
Inactive guilt, to barren thought confin'd,
More and more weak inflames the tainted mind,
The tainted mind, as passion's cloud retires,
Bright virtue charms, and social ardour fires.

SEE, stung by smiles, the busy trifling race
Burst their soft chains, and reason's rule embrace,
As the laugh circles, fashion's reign decays,
For folly's bubble is the breath of praise.

Cool and correct to move in measur'd prose,
Who feels for crimes he kindles to expose,
Who manly reason, graceful wit displays,
Neglects uncensur'd, and extends his praise.

Hence erring Bards, with sudden rapture fraught,
Pour though the broken verse the fire of thought,
While the lost reader treads enchanted ground,
Breathless, bewilder'd in the mazy round,
Far through the winding page pursues his race,
Where no bright pauses the wild numbers grace,
Where branching sense no polish'd periods clear,
The line trips round, and measure tires the ear.

WHEN Eden lost, sad seal of wrath Divine!
Or foil'd temptation prompts the nervous line,
When travell'd thought unbars the dark profound,
Or bursts the starry concave's azure round,
The flow majestick, and the cadence strong
With varying pauses harmonize the song.
Not such the charms, when clogg'd with lab'ring rhyme
The muse beats thick beneath the flight sublime.
The chiming lays, restrain'd by stricter laws,
With less indulgence range the breathing pause:

THE SATIRIST.

13

If warm, when anger glows, or fancy fires,
The period lengthen, as the thought requires,
Through teeming sense the frequent couplet shines,
And checks the long extent of circling lines.

WHATE'ER his verse, be this the poet's plan,
His glory this, to triumph as a man.
Candour his guide, be truth his honest aim,
Let him not crouch for praise, nor blush at fame.
Let not the censor busy, base, or proud,
Wing the dire shaft at random through the crowd,
Where with uncertain praise its rage is spent,
Where bleed the guilty and the innocent,
Or, tipt with death it flies, with many a wound,
Glancing o'er vice, brings virtue to the ground.

LET his reproofs in majesty be drest,
To shake contagion's seat, the guilty breast,
Yet charm'd with sound, and giddy with applause,
Let not his fervour cancel mercy's laws,

E

Let

THE SATIRIST.

Let not feign'd passion, or false fury strike
 To raise the style, at every crime alike.
 Dull be the thought, be lifeless every rhyme !
 Ere he with curses mimick the sublime,
 Ere he with words to spirit make pretence
 Cull'd for the sound, not honour'd for the sense.
 Better his speech with jingling trifles rung,
 Whilst, as at first, he lisp'd his mother tongue :
 For such blind vengeance, such untutor'd zeal
 Can make no bosom soft contrition feel,
 Ne'er can his passion, or his metre win
 A mind from vice, or save one soul from sin.

HIGH o'er the shelves in types of gold be wrought,
 To check the rising insolence of thought,
 Each liberal virtue, every grace refin'd,
 The great, the genuine stamps of human kind.

WHEN active genius prompts the faithless wound,
 And Satire sports on fancy's fairy ground ;

Then blameless hearts with gloomy anguish pine,
Successive flanders fill the glowing line ;
For praise the poet kindles into rage,
And passion storms to swell the sounding page.
So the proud artist wrought his daring plan,
Sedate, to grace the image, stab'd the man.
He bids the bosom throb, the eye balls roll
To catch the traces of the parting soul.
In vain the victim pours his plaintive moan,
Looks the keen pang, and draws the pealing groan,
Call'd to the canvass, as the spirit flies,
The mimick form convulses, droops, and dies.

SHOULD genius thus the world's encomiums court,
Nature's great gift, and virtue's strong support ?
Or light from guilt, to heights unknown ascend,
With truth, with energy of verse suspend
Those wilder passions that without controul
Flame through our system, and debase the soul ?

Damp'd with a poet's worth, let envy pause,
Envy, whose silence is her best applause ;
Or, lost, like sounds that cleave the pathless sky,
By time unsung the pealing praises die,
The laurel sheds its momentary bloom,
Fades on his brow, or withers on his tomb.

ARMS not resentment, when a bard essays
With slander's veil to darken virtue's blaze ?
Who his own act with penal horrour views,
With reason judges, but with rage pursues,
Who starts, when conscience wakes avenging fears,
And talks of sorrow and repentant tears ;
As should a bravo, foul with clotted gore,
Fall on his knee, the savage bus'ness o'er,
Scarce from his reeking poniard wipe the stain,
Ere drawn for hire, tis drench'd in blood again.

IN Satire's page let truth reflected shine,
Stamp every thought, and teach in every line.

If false one charge, if conscience dare the test,
Soon passion, partial judge, forgives the rest ;
Or angry scorn for undiscerning rhymes
Spreads the sad harvest of remorseless crimes,
While souls too soft, to keenest anguish prone,
Draw the deep sigh, and urge the breathing groan,
Renew'd by thought, detraction's wound sustain,
With life's last moment date their rest from pain,
Through the long age their boding fears extend,
See their shame flourish, and their virtues end.

WHEN private passions Censure's rage bestow,
Darken the judgment, and direct the blow,
Despairing Virtue eyes the partial rod,
Treads unresolv'd where once she boldly trod,
While Vice, her fears compos'd, suppress her shame,
Mocks the wild taunt, and fans the rising flame.

WHEN musing slander leaves her Stygian den,
And joins her restless band, and wars on men,

She pours the blast, the rumour'd guilt resounds,
Or silent spreads, while every whisper wounds.
No more opinion doubts in dark suspense,
Now sway'd by folly, now reclaim'd by sense,
When titled worth a sordid choir debase,
With one rude fiction blighting every grace,
On blasted peace relentless triumphs raise,
Urge virtue's fall, and blot diffusive praise,
To blacken merit, conscious truth supprest,
Proclaim what frailties tenant every breast,
Detraction wakes ; arraigns the wise and just,
And barks at honour, for it beams disgust.
Her partial glass each real spot dilates,
Or swells those follies envy first creates,
And whilst the mimick vision feeds her eye,
The tints of error take a deeper die,
E'en blended trifles the weak charge increase,
And publick union mar, or private peace..

FELL discord's thirst let deadly opiates slake !
From dreams of guilt no parricide awake !
Let Satire die, that taints with baseless ire
The monarch's toil, or patriot's hallow'd fire !
Ill would the heart that sordid faction steels
Bide the keen pangs a scepter'd patriot feels :
Deep sighs, and rankling cares his sweets allay,
Or round him unembodied fancies play,
The people's clamour shakes the Prince's throne,
And all his country's sufferings are his own.

WHERE Satire seals disgrace, let love benign,
With critick judgment, prove the nervous line,
Blot from the heated verse the partial rage,
That bursts in flame and blazes through the page ;
Ere the dire poem, to the shelf confin'd,
Teeming with scandal, open to mankind,
Ere kindling crowds, by factions hints misled,
Rail at the living, or impeach the dead,

Grieves not the heart, when glowing beauties bind
 Attention fast, and thought expands the mind,
 When the rapt Bard our admiration moves,
 As fancy varies, what the style improves,
 To see foul slander, link'd with fair address,
 Big with abuse, impartial truth profess,
 To see his genius, stooping to revile,
 Deaden the colours or debase the style?
 Why must we blush to speak the poet's due,
 To tread with transport, and with wonder view?
 Why busy reason from her slumber start,
 Pass her rough comment on the poet's heart,
 From his wreath'd brow the blooming laurel rend,
 And crown with glory's graces, virtue's friend?

No more let passion, cloth'd in Satire, dart
 The keen reproach, like venom, to the heart,
 No more corruption pen with sordid view
 A panegyric, and a libel too,

Distort

Distort, when brib'd, an errour to a vice,
And such a virtue sell at such a price.
When feign'd conviction points the venal thought,
The soul and all its plodding functions bought,
The tear may fall, and undeserv'd disgrace
May raise ingenuous blushes in the face,
The best may weep, may mark with fruitless sighs
How born on rumour's wing, detraction flies,
May their lost fame with throbbing anguish moan
And guiltless bleed for follies not their own ;
Yet time shall sooth what injur'd hearts endure,
And conscience ease, what reason fails to cure.

WHEN publick virtue, honour's amplest source,
Rolls through a smiling Land it's fruitful course,
Or silent worth, remote from busy woes,
Clear, though confin'd, through life's lone valley flows,
Should slander's sport the crystal tide debase,
Soon the wave brightens with returning grace,

Through various tracts the healing streams convey'd
Cherish the city, or adorn the shade.

LET poets rage, till ills on ills combine,
To cloud fair virtue, be that virtue mine.
Censure, 'tis true, will make the villian start,
Who views that censure written on his heart,
Whose soul recoils not, though his God is by,
From daring crimes, from fins of blackest die,
Who from his youth with wayward passions curst,
In every folly eager to be first,
With vice exalting virtue's noble fires,
Marks worth triumphant, and with guilt aspires,
'Till scorn with icy bands his zeal arrest,
And brew black horrors in his tortur'd breast.

SUCH is the man, who slave to sordid pelf
Would sell his friend, his country, or himself,
Like some wan wretch on deeds of darkness bent,
Calls it revolting meanness, to repent,

Dead

Dead to remorse, nor tear nor menace heeds,
How anger murmurs, how affection bleeds ;
When sorrow groans and nature's artless sighs
Heave the big heart, and tender tumults rise,
When pleading parents kneel, with calm delight
Who watch'd his passions to direct them right,
Whose fix'd affection with his life began,
And guards the stripling ripen'd into man,
Can wild with rage the lead of vengeance trust,
And tread the hoary honours in the dust,
By private vices form'd to publick fraud,
At home unhonour'd, and revil'd abroad,
'Till to the crowd his ruin'd projects blaze,
Friends mock by flight, and foes insulting gaze,
'Till shames broad glance his open walks invade,
And guilt's keen torments haunt the secret shade.

CENSURE indeed, if haply when it came
Reason, not passion reign'd, might shake his frame,

Each link'd with vengeance, make his vices seen,
Show what he is, and what he should have been.

Wild is his woe, who pale with conscious crimes
Views his foul portrait in the poet's rhymes,
Whose heavy nights with varied visions roll,
While mid-day phantoms harrow up his soul.

Yet think not Satire every villain wounds,
Oft on a rock it grazes, or rebounds,
Oft by the wretch, the scourge of bleeding times,
Whose daily studies daily swell his crimes,
Disdaining check, the race of guilt begun,
Who braves the danger he was taught to shun,

Whose soul subservient to his lawless will
Is never active but in doing ill,
The sigh of silver'd age for keenest woes
Neglected pants, the tear unheeded floes.

Some mock conviction, glowing truth revile,
Vaunt unreprov'd, with shame recorded smile,
Some with fierce pride humanity disclaim,
While, bred like brutes, their feelings are the same.

MORE firm and unappall'd, the good, the wise,
See mischiefs glare, and low'ring tempests rise,
See, nurst in guilt, Detraction's crafty band
Their bloody banners waving, croud the hand,
Congenial souls, a gloomy, servile train
Who own no pleasure but in giving pain,
With crimes debas'd, on venial faults diffuse,
While the soft breeze comes tainted with abuse.

The mind to virtue just, serenely great,
Shall every friend regain, and foe defeat,
Repose secure, while Folly's sons deride,
Or boundless fury spreads her roaring tide,
Shall feast on thought, the breathing pain suppress,
And every care shall cease, and passion rest.

WHEN day's blest lamp ascending glads the sight.
From distant worlds recalls its golden light,
As forth we walk, while cloudless glories rise,
Soft o'er the turf the mimick shadow flies,

The gliding shade partakes reflected day,
And the dark image half dissolves away,
So melt to reason's view the frail offence,
When beaming graces charm the captive sense,
Alone to Censure's keen inspection found,
While virtue flames and lustre plays around.

LET Satire's wrath reclaim a harden'd race,
Chill with contempt, improve by just disgrace,
With publick vengeance publick vices meet,
And awe the guilty in their dark retreat,
Draw honour's rules from dark corruption's deed,
Health's balmy blessings from the noisome weed,
Fair virtues heighten with examples vile,
Sage Wisdom's glance with Folly's vacant smile.
When shameless bands the shafts of wit deride,
Blind to the blaze of truth, and dead to pride,
Let hopeless Censure pour collected rage,
Fix the strong colours and instruct the age.

JUST

Just is their Satire, who with skill refin'd
Explore the silent mazes of the mind,
By nature licens'd, by reflection taught,
Call into action every gen'rous thought,
Life's ambush'd pains, and hovering ills display,
O'er ruins darken'd gulf reflect the day,
With dauntless steps in Merit's train appear;
The critick frown, the self-sufficient sneer,
The conscious bribe with honest scorn defied,
And the loud menace of avenging pride.
Let Satire's tale our rapid progress stay,
Disclose the wiles that couch in virtue's way,
Soft forms of air, that mock the pilgrim's race,
Rise round his path, and dart ideal grace,
Bid vice, though titled, drop her haughty crest,
And the star beam unhonour'd on the breast.

If bold in lust, debauch'd by distant claims,
Learn'd in the lore of vice, and ripe for crimes,

Hot Hirco roam while passions burning pest
Glares in his eye, and rages in his breast,
Seek the lov'd haunt, where guilt's sequester'd train
Now rack'd by conscience, brand the tyrant's reign,
Now rang'd on sofas, a lascivious quire,
Trill the lewd note, or dart disgraceful fire;
If charm'd, while bursting honour's sacred chains
Vice walks the dome, and swelling tumult reigns,
If blind when Conscience spreads her sacred scroll,
Resolv'd on guilt, though horrour shakes the soul,
The slave of pleasure bow before her throne,
Bare his dark acts, his savage triumphs own;
Let Satire wake, the flame of vice assauge,
And rein lewd passion with relentless rage,
The sting of thought the pamper'd heart infest,
And teeming darkness chill the hour of rest,
'Till wealth with virtue blend its beaming rays,
And honour glow where dazzling titles blaze.

LET

LET Satire now descend from glaring state,
Leave the throng'd palace, and the crowded gate,
To private merit publick trophies give,
For social virtue teaches us to live,
In glory's roll record the honest name,
The just depiction, and the base reclaim,
The good commend, to give the guilty laws,
Sound censure's blast, or honour's loud applause,
Rude shocks of woe with reason's aid repair,
And curb with manly Satire dark despair,
To frantick thought the cordial patience reach,
Teach us our duty, and with pity teach,
Pity, a Satire silent, but severe,
On him whose eye disclaims the tender tear.

WHEN pride, dread ill ! whence rude contempt proceeds
That haunts distres, or frolicks as it bleeds,
More bane to worth than passion's force combin'd,
Steals on the fancy, and inflames the mind,

THE SATIRIST.

No powers of verse can bend her fix'd disdain,
But Satire threats, and reason pleads in vain.

BLEST is his lot, be gratitude his theme!
Who lives and triumphs in a friend's esteem,
Blest with that love congenial bosoms find,
Soft balm of woe, that heals the bleeding mind!

He, bow'd with cares, the social patron sought,
Pours the deep sigh, and bares the brooding thought,
Nor chill'd with doubt some false refinement seeks,
Nor aw'd by favours trembles as he speaks,
As much belov'd when clouded by distress,
As in the gayer sunshine of success.

A Bard thus blest may join, as truth inspires,
The man's emotions with the poet's fires,
May blameless melt, the fierce detail suspend,
In sweet digression laud the steady friend,
Blazon his acts, and in exalted lays
Dwell on his merit, and record his praise.

So sing the Muse! 'tis wit's endearing task,
For manly virtues manly praises ask,
Not sway'd by friendship which the factious feel,
That dies, or blossoms but with party zeal,
Haste with mean acts to blacken his intents,
Whose reason conquers, when his heart dissent,
Breathe a foul spirit, war with virtue wage,
And join with fancy's fiction, passion's rage.

WHAT if a friend, when malice aims the blow,
Drop, a pale emblem of acuteſt woe,
Goaded with thought, and rack'd with recent pain,
Forget the only ſolace, to complain?
What if the ſpot, where gayeſt Nature ſmil'd,
Show blank through care and wither to a wild?
From candour's page returning joy proceeds,
Or anguish softens, when affection pleads.
Hope, sprung from virtue, gilds the diſtant view,
He eyes the viſion and believes it true,

Content, in Honour's radiant smile enshrin'd,
Steals o'er the cheek, and paints the guiltless mind.

SHOULD Bards arise, whom passion sways within,
Peace to their conscience ! pardon to their sin !
I feed no faction, boast no letter'd name,
Nor rudely seek to blast another's fame,
Though pensive truth from soft reflection sprung
Dictates the numbers, and inspires the tongue.
Steel'd with impenitence, let others jeer
Correction's rod, and mock the things they fear,
Foe but to vice, firm Satire I commend
To virtue's patron, honour's ardent friend,
Satire, whose point may various views afford,
The tyrant's dagger, or Astrea's sword.

ME had the gracious gift of heav'n design'd
To calm the raging follies of mankind,
No more should envy swell, disdain no more
Should steep the cruel barb in honour's gore,

Or

Or brooding vengeance mimick Satire's part,
And flame, the keenest passion of the heart.
The base should blush, whom curtain'd frauds defile,
Whose pliant visage frames the mantling smile,
Who chill with rude detraction virtues fair,
And sink impassion'd hope to dull despair.
Pleas'd with my task to me it should belong
The bleeding breast to vindicate from wrong,
Where pensive care her gloomy vigils keeps,
Or sorrow rages and reflection sleeps.

Not free from faults, yet not to vice propense,
Not wise, nor destitute of common sense,
I wake to warmth, the specious tale resign,
When rage, not Satire, marks the teeming line,
Have bile to rise when plodding art succeeds,
And tears to flow, when branded virtue bleeds.
No wound unfelt, with every passion fraught
That, fed by pain, may craze the aching thought,

K

By

By care embosom'd led I stray forlorn,
 And rue unseen the goading touch of scorn,
 In paths untrod discharge the lab'ring groan,
 And wail another's woes, and sooth my own.

By grief unmark'd, the sun's meridian ray
 Streams through the cloudless canopy of day,
 Or converse sweet her soft amusements yields,
 When brooding darkness shades the desert fields.
 In vain, alas! through Winter's dreary rule
 The fleecy shower descends, the glassy pool
 Invites the sense, or Nature's warblers sing,
 When cloth'd in graces blooms the chequer'd spring.

Ah! who shall place, to deeds of death resign'd,
 On danger's mould'ring verge the pathless blind?
 Though, crush'd his frame, he scarce the torture knows,
 Falls but to rest, and bleeds but to repose:
 Who in rude sport shall censure frenzy's glare,
 And mock the lone recess of pining care?

Though now nor taunt they feel, nor pride they fear,
The insult keen unmark'd, or gushing tear.
Pale Envy melts, relentless Vengeance groans,
And fullen Malice deeds like these disowns,
The conscious tide of life such guilt arraigns,
And creeps in cold meanders through the veins.

YET deeper crimes the poet's heart debase,
Who swells triumphant in the slaughter'd race,
Like some stern chief, when through the shouting throng
The car drags slow in labour'd state along ;
As fancy warms, or lust of gain invites,
Declaims with passion, and with frenzy writes,
Or, urg'd by folly, virtue's lead unknown,
Unfolds invented guilt to veil his own,
For gold a friend degrades, for praise a brother,
Defames one man, and deifies another.

BUT half they sin, who charm'd with vengeful lays
Such rage reward, and foul detraction praise,

On Satire's throne these heated tyrants place,
To sport at will with death, or nod disgrac'd,
Whose tainted hearts abuse can most engage,
Wit's goading taunt, or Satire's baseless rage.

Rich viands less would glad the pamper'd taste,
Or Zephyrs breathing on the Libyan waste
His weary steps, who o'er the burning plain
Sighs for the shade, and pants for rest, in vain.
They fix unsated where some ruin'd name
Attractive glares in types of lasting shame,
As the keen vulture, by destruction fed,
Scents the quick blast, and hovers o'er the dead.

To fix with Satire fame's eternal brand,
Chain lawles' guilt with scorn's avenging hand,
When glows the Bard, by sage conviction taught,
Whose breast with virtue teems, whose line with thought;
The threat of power, the bribe of wealth withstood,
Let him be wisely warm, and greatly good,

From

From dark suspicion free, too just to call
A fault in few the common fault of all,
The vows of vice degrade with generous heat,
Gloss'd with a smile and pointed with deceit,
The base unriddle whom the weak adore,
Corruption trace, where honour blaz'd before,
With wisdom's light, with censure's aid convey
Reason to judge, and virtue to obey.

LET such my follies scan, observe their rise,
Blast in the blossom every growing vice,
Arraign my judgment, keen rebuke impress,
Pronounce it little, still I own it less.
'Tis nature's voice, when crowds with wilder'd haste
Tread passion's walks, or errour's pathless waste,
Whose folly spreads, while truth withdraws her ray,
As shadows lengthen with declining day,
To pause and tremble——though with reason blest
We view the busy index in our breast,

L

Though

Though ancient acts in learning's page enroll'd
Wake to new virtues, while they paint the old,
Or mark, what madness taints the over-wise,
As reason, wedded to refinement, dies,
Content's calm blessings, wild ambition's name,
A Sabine's honour, and a Cæsar's fame.

It's object man, reflection unconfin'd
May trace new terrors to alarm the mind.
And whilst conceit, whose arbitrary sway
They with most clamour brave, who most obey,
Pregnant with evils, shall unnotic'd rest
In the close caverns of the guideless breast,
We hasten, as praise invites, or pleasure smiles,
O'er guilt's dark confines, folly's desert wilds,
'Till judgment dawn, or Satire's friendly ray
Dart through the gloom and light us on our way,
'Till the lost mind the dreary mist forsake,
And beaming bright conviction, reason wake.

To

To trace with care the manners of the age,
 And read his nature in the living page,
 To weep the faults expanding to his view,
 Spread virtue's flame, and lawless vice subdue,
 The Bard's best task — shall every grace dispense,
 To passion harmony, to Satire sense,
 Through life's dark sea, where folly's tempests rise,
 And wreck'd by rude temptation, reason dies,
 Conduct mankind ; while firm, where death presides,
 O'er danger's billowing wave their vessel rides.
 His powers, his heart, by wit, by virtue shewn,
 Shall rising ages charm, improve his own,
 And o'er his failings, safe from human sight,
 Shall draw the curtain of eternal night.

THE END.

Errata in the SATIRIST.

- Page 18, line 8, *diffusive praise*, should be a period.
 p. 20, l. 10, for *tread*, *lege* read.
 p. 22, l. 3, for *till*, *r*, *let*.
exbalting in the same paragraph should be *exalting*.
 p. 23, l. 2, *affection* should be *affliction*.
 ditto l. 10, *the hoary honours*, *r*, *their hoary honours*.
 ditto l. 15, 'till shame's broad *glance*, *r*, 'till shame's broad *glare*.
 p. 25, l. 4, *crowd the band*, *r*, *crowd the land*,
 p. 26, so *melt* to reason's view the frail offence, *r*, so *melts &c.*
 p. 27, l. 17, *distant claims*, *r*, *climes*.
 p. 27, *dauntless steps*, *r*, *dauntless, step*.
 p. 35, *the slaughter'd race*, *r*, *a slaughter'd race*.

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10. *Leucosia* *lutea* *lutea* *lutea* *lutea*

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